

Some Day He'll Come

By

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SUPPOSE your father left his millions to a "lanky, freckled girl," instead of to you, and then suppose you met the girl and found—well, what would you do?

AND so he goes and leaves all his money to this—this relative, Godiva Somebody. Of all the crazy capers for a man in his senses to cut! Unexpected? Well, rather! And now this Godiva Heath reaps the benefit of the governor's business acumen, while I, the prodigal son, sit feasting on the traditional husks! Ugh!"

Here emotion overcame him, and young Barrow sank with a small thud into the nearest chair and dabbed at his brow with a distinguished bit of monogrammed linen that bore small relation to the "husks" of the prodigal. His companion and crony, William Pelham, eyed him commiseratingly, yet with a certain slow-dawning intelligence.

"Godiva who? Look here, Tom, I know that girl. On my honor I do! People live at Oeten Station, don't they? Father was a retired Admiral or something of the sort?"

"Yep." Tom lifted a limp head and eyed the jubilant one from the tail of one interested optic. "But what—"

"Wait a minute. She's an orphan now, and lives with a maiden aunt, a regular old termagant, and Godiva's one of your shy woodland violet sort, and all that. Goes about with eyes downcast, as if afraid to lift 'em, is abominably awkward and inarticulate, and never knows what to say to people. I remember her quite distinctly."

"Pretty?" inquired Tom lugubriously, with the air of a widow discussing the becomingness of her second mourning.

"Lord—no! She wasn't even passable,—lanky, stoop-shouldered, and more or less freckled; nearsighted too, as well as I remember—or at any rate she acted like it: was always stumbling over chairs and things,—simply one of the hopelessly unattractive sisterhood."

"I see," Tom reflected, surveying his polished nails in meditative silence. "I never laid eyes on her in my life," he said presently. "The governor went prowling about hunting up his remote kin over a year ago: guess he ran upon her then. How she inveigled him into making her his heiress—"

"She didn't," Pelham spoke as one having authority. "Godiva Heath couldn't inveigle a man into anything. Why, she wouldn't have known what to say to him if he had asked her if she didn't think the weather was fine. I tell you, a more hopelessly unsophisticated person doesn't exist! Your father probably felt sorry for her."

"Expensive kind of pity," resented Tom Barrow, "when it led to cutting off his own offspring in favor of practically a stranger. The governor was always doing queer, unexpected, freaky things. This last caps the climax. And she only the most distant of relatives too."

"Of course," sympathized his friend and counselor; "but really, my dear boy, you know you have been rather going the pace for a year or two. Your father knew you'd run through with his fortune pretty rapidly if he left it to you. Therefore—Godiva Heath!"

"The dickens!" exploded Barrow vindictively. "All-fired thoughtless of him, I call it! Isn't that a name for you,



"The sensations of a man who has received a knockout blow were now as an open book to Thomas Barrow."

though? And isn't there a legend about a Lady Godiva somewhere in Tennyson?"

Pelham burst out laughing. "By George, the intellect you've got, Thomas! I quite envy you. Indeed, there is a legend concerning a beautiful lady who 'rode forth, clothed only with chastity,' and chastity only, through the streets of Coventry, to save the peasantry or something like that. But your Godiva isn't of the heroic type. She's an extremely ordinary person." He leaned forward confidentially, a sudden light seeming to break in upon him. "See here, why don't you go down to Oeten Station and scare her into giving up that legacy? It's yours rightfully, and if—"

"Wait a minute, Bill," interrupted Barrow, going an unpleasant red. "A chap doesn't want to be a cad, you know."

"No need to be. You're so confounded literal, Thomas! I didn't really mean that you were to hold up the lady with a shotgun on her own threshold. That Chesterfield, Bishop Potter, Dustin Far-

num aspect that serves you for a manner is much more effective and will answer the same purpose. Oeten Station and Miss Heath are its antithesis. Don't you see? Take your finished, adequate, irresistible man of the world personality with you down to Oeten Station. Use it. Point out, with your calmest, most effective air, that the money left her by your father really doesn't belong to her. Of course you'll put it in the vaguest, airiest manner possible,—I can trust you for that,—but see that she grasps your meaning. Let her perceive how attractive you are. Look mysterious and melancholy, and talk of the impossibility of a man of your habits and training going into the gutter to make a living—the picture of you ditch digging or brick laying will work strongly on her sympathies. Rub it in. Persuade her that the old man was more or less off his nut and didn't realize what he was doing. I'll bet you a cool thousand against a decent cigar you'll have her repudiating the will in less than a week!"

"Do you think so?" inquired Barrow, brightening. "Really, that's a neat scheme of yours, Bill."

"Isn't it?" Bill glowed with pride at this unusual appreciation. "You see, I've met the lady, and I know. Oeten Station being a sort of summer resort, I spent a week there several years ago with Cousin Olivia. She and I were asked to dinner with the Heath aunt,—a thin, old party with a beak nose and eyes like shoe buttons,—and I was so miserable that night that the name and date impressed me. Across from me sat that poor little Godiva creature in a small, skimpy frock that scarcely met across her chest, staring down into her plate and trying to look placid and composed. She jumped and blushed whenever anybody spoke to her, and stammered incoherently; so that she wasn't what you'd call entertaining. Why, it would be like adjuncting a baby's milk bottle to get that money back. Tom—honest! If I were you, I'd give it a try."

"Hum-m-m!" Thomas Barrow squinted up his eyes. "I dare say you would, Bill. Just like you, if you'll pardon my saying so. Now, I'd hesitate at attaching an infant's luncheon. However—what kind of place is Oeten Station?"

"Small, lonely, rather countrified town, not far from the ocean,—boardwalk, postoffice, and a few houses. The Heaths live in an old-fashioned gray house on a hill. There was a fish fountain spurting water somewhere on the lawn, I remember, and some red flowers around the veranda. Lonely spot, believe me, Thomas; but the very place for your sort of game. If the lady balked, I'd—ah—that is—sort of trifle with her young affections; not to any extent, you needn't commit yourself—you understand? Anything to gain your point."

"The long arm of justice," observed his companion severely, "sweeps too high, or it'd nab you, Bill Pelham." Barrow yawned and rose. "Of all the novel, outrageous schemes to outwit a woman—"

Bill Pelham ignored this sarcastic summing up of his advice. "You wouldn't be outwitting her, dear boy, but Thomas Barrow, Sr. I told you it wasn't her fault. Whatever her attributes, nobody could accuse Godiva Heath of being a siren."

THOMAS BARROW, JR., swung himself indolently from the train at Oeten Station and looked about with a mildly investigatory air. Bill certainly possessed rare descriptive powers. He had summed up the place in very few words,—boardwalk, postoffice, and a few houses. Trail-ing away from the station went a zigzag avenue of maples, crimson now under the autumn sun. It appeared to be the only road in sight. Directly opposite squatted a flat, low building with an informing legend in straggly letters over the gate, "Hotel." It was toward this that Barrow directed his footsteps. An hour later, refreshed and nobbily attired, swinging his expensive cane with an impressively nonchalant air, he made inquiries which resulted in further respect for Bill's powers of condensation.

"Miss Heath? She lives in the big gray